

15 Words 15c **Farmer Classified Ads** Phone 1208

1917?

By
EDWIN BALMERCopyright, 1916, by the Chicago
Tribune

(Continued.)

The man with whom he was wrestling was trying no longer to hold him. Instead the man now was struggling to get away, and Jim was the one who was holding. The girl no longer interferred. Now, Jim made out Silbert's voice calling commands to his men in the burning room, and Jim's antagonist weakened in his fight.

"Ashby, where are you?" Silbert's voice called. "Ashby!" Jim answered, and Silbert was beside him, Jim stood up with his prison as Silbert's men completed their

He Was Rolling on the Floor Amid the Broken Glass.

capture of the house and bringing buckets of water, darkened the room again as they extinguished the flames which the spies had started.

"Wait! President fears war! Army and navy chiefs in all night council at White House! President fears war!" the scream of a new boy echoed in the street. It was dawn. A gray glow spread over the sky from the east, and the moon, yellow and bright a few moments before, became whiter and dimmer.

The street lamps went out, and garish were the electric lights which showed the ruin of the salon in the house of the spies. Two police motor wagons backed before the door were removing the men and the women caught in the house, except the girl who had struggled with Jim Ashby and one of the men who had been on guard. An ambulance already had taken the girl to a hospital, where a surgeon would repair the artery in her arm cut by the broken glass. The body of the guard was to be removed later.

In the dining room Jim Ashby and Silbert spread upon the table the letters which had been saved. There were only scraps or charred bits in addition to the bundle of undamaged papers which Jim had saved; the spies had succeeded in burning or otherwise destroying all the rest. Silbert sponged the sheets of paper with a chemical solution which he had brought, and between the lines of typewriting sentences of script came out in clear, brown characters.

"How many more letters were there?" Silbert asked.

"I got maybe a fourth of those in this."

The secret service man gazed down at the letters grimly. "These are a quarter of the orders they were sending out from here. Ashby, think of this sort of thing going on all over the country this morning!"

The newspaper delivery boy was hurrying up the walk with the morning paper which had been held a little later than usual for the last "War Extra" when Jim reached his father's house.

"A Million Men Called!" the headline blared across the top of the front page. "A Million Men Needed For Immediate Service!"

"Hostile fleet, approaching our shores, sinks American scout cruiser Salem! Commander Barrett, violating instructions to take president's advisers to Haiti, discovers powerful fleet in north Atlantic. Salem immediately fired on, but before sinking succeeds in flashing warning to Washington!"

"Hostile fleet contains twenty-six ships of the first line—four dreadnaughts of the Zeus class, six of the Trajan, four of the Pharoah, six of the Sargon and two of the Thor, with four battle cruisers of the Carthage class. Fleet more powerful than our strongest combination! Our ships scattered! "Army of the prince regent, at least 500,000 strong, now on transports or ready to take ship to attack our coasts; 500,000 men will be landed on our shore within month is enemy's plan! To oppose these president calls for 1,000,000 men for immediate service. In all night council with cabinet and war chiefs apportionment has been made between states and size of levy required telegraphed to all governors. New York leads list with apportionment of 140,000 soldiers at once. Pennsylvania asked to supply 100,000. Illinois required to muster 80,000 immediately."

He looked through the other pages of

the paper—it was a Chicago morning paper—for the notice of the discovery and capture of the spies, but either the news had reached the paper too late or Silbert had prevented it from being printed. He found an article under an Elgin date line that the body of a mechanic named Ingout—identified by the number on his motorcycle—had been found in a field outside of Elgin. He appeared to have been killed as the result of some violent explosion after a fight with two men who disappeared in an automobile.

Jim went back to the kitchen, where the cook—vulnerable and excited—gave him breakfast. Then he went away from the house on the road to town.

Flags were being raised above houses as if it were Memorial day or the Fourth of July. They were flying above school buildings and draped in front of stores. The stars and stripes were everywhere.

"Wait!" The word was on every one's lips.

CHAPTER VII.

States Pledge Troops.

The crowd was dense down the block before the office of one of the local newspapers. Carpenters had finished putting up a great bulletin board with a platform in front of it upon which a man from the newspaper office was standing and pasting up a bulletin printed in huge letters. Jim read the reply of the governor of the state to the secretary of war.

"The state of Illinois, which half a century ago supplied 200,000 soldiers to the army of the Union, pledges its full quota for the defense of the nation in this emergency and invites further calls as the needs of the nation require."

The bulletin continued: "Similar assurances have been sent by the governors of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, etc."

"Regulars ordered to New York!" the next sheet proclaimed. "Twenty-five thousand troops on Mexican border entrain for the north. Other regular troops numbering 6,000, ordered from army posts to eastern seaboard."

The cheering brought a flush to Jim's face, but he added the totals. "Thirty-one thousand men! That was the American army of regulars to meet the 800,000 veterans from over the sea!"

He edged from the crowd. The recruiting station, he recalled, was down among some old buildings just off the main business section. He searched the fronts of those buildings for the flag with the words "Men wanted for the army." But the flag was not there, nor could he find the brightly colored lithographs of soldiers which had been displayed beside the walk. He went about the block looking for them before a boy named Rainey, whom Jim knew as a companion of Mart Ware, came up and spoke to him.

"Looking for the recruiting office, Mr. Ashby?"

"Scum!" The boy's face was pale, but his eyes were bright with excitement. "I thought it was down here, but it ain't any more."

Jim could not resist that morning in the national army, but he could join the state guard. There was a company of one of the regiments—the Third. Jim thought it was—which had headquarters in Elgin. He knew a couple of men who drilled somewhere one night a week, and he had employed in the Ashby shops a boy named Connor who had asked for two weeks' vacation in the summer to attend the encampment of the regiment. Jim recollected that his father had discharged Connor for taking the vacation.

The headquarters were easy enough to find. A crowd blocked the street before the office, a smaller crowd than before the newspaper office, but this was all made up of men and boys, now all cheering and reckless and noisy, now suddenly silent and orderly. Some of these men and boys were there to give themselves to service—the immediate service which was demanded—but the most were merely there to cheer others on.

A man in khaki and wearing a campaign hat sentinelled the door and looked keenly at each man or boy who came forward to enter the building. Most of those who wished to pass seemed to be known to the sentinels.

"Then he's gone somewhere else to join the army. He went out of the house before the rest of us got up this morning, and from the things he took with him I know he's gone to enlist!"

Jim got her out of the crowd and started to go farther with her, but she would not have him. He turned away from her and went through the tumult of the street toward his father's factory. The noise and cheering were as loud as before, louder if anything, and a band was parading somewhere blaring the "Star Spangled Banner." But now to Jim there was a hollowness in that noise—a hollowness of a nation at war and unready.

The smoke was streaming from the chimney of the Ashby factory, and Jim could see as he neared the shops that work was going on, but as he entered the door he heard his father's voice roaring in violent vituperation. Two men in plain clothes, but displaying special deputy's stars, and a man in police uniform were dragging Nathan Ashby from his office.

"Orders," the policeman told Jim when for an instant Nathan Ashby was quiet—"orders from Chicago, sir. I've tried to explain to him, sir. There's the decree to pay them, sir! There'll be martial law by night if the riots keep up. They've arrested a lot of men—one of them named Homan, who had a good deal to do with your father yesterday afternoon. Orders are to arrest and hold for examination every one Homan saw, so we're doing it. That's all there is to it, and you nor no one can do anything different about it till we get different orders from Chicago."

(To Be Continued.)

Girl Wanted? Read The Farmer Want Ads.

Man and Boys Were There to Give Themselves For Service.

Most of them were hailed by name by the crowd and cheered as they slipped by the soldier and into the building.

Jim stepped in and stripped. The surgeon looked him over, tapped him and listened perfunctorily at his heart and passed him on. "All right! Next!"

Jim advanced to the table at the end of the room and signed the paper presented to him. Charlie Linton, an officer, arose after Jim had signed and drew him aside.

"One of the secret service men phoned me awhile ago, Ashby," Linton said. "He told me something about what you were doing last night. Good work! It was, rattling good work! He told me I could trust you; of course I knew

that anyway. I've detailed some of our regular boys to watch for spies among the recruits—and among ourselves. I want you to watch too. You are to get evidence so you can give the firing squad a chance if there's time. If there isn't time or it's inconvenient to bring charges, shoot the man you catch, no matter who he is, and shoot quick and straight if you don't want him to get you first."

Jim nodded. Then I'm to stay about here?"

"No one's to stay about here. We're wanted in the east as quick as we can get there. They're yelling for us from Savannah to Portland, Me. Leave a telephone number where we can get you within an hour, and if you haven't made arrangements for an indefinite absence make 'em."

Jim shook hands with others of the men about and then went down to the noise and exuberance of the street. The crowd cheered him by name as he came out, and amid the crush about him he felt some one tugging at his coat to attract personal attention. He turned about and faced Agnes. Her face was chalk white, and her lips were trembling, and the hand which tugged at his coat was shaking violently, and as Jim faced her he was white also. She knew he had broken his pledge to her, and she had not yet come to understand why.

War had come, she knew, but to her it existed yet only in words. It was tall, black type of unpleasant print upon great sheets of white paper pasted to a board before a newspaper office; it was wild, reckless boasts and taunts on the tongues of boys and men about it. War was horrible madness made of bestial passion. Women—if men failed—must forbid it, the slaughter and suffering of a nation.

Hysterically Agnes cried this to Jim, heedless of the crowd about them. "And you've joined them! Don't—don't ever speak to me! Don't look at me again! Only—only," she pleaded with him now, beside herself with horror, "has Mart been up there too? Where's Mart, Jim? Have you seen him?"

"No, Agnes. I looked for his name, and I asked about him. He hasn't enlisted here."

"Then he's gone somewhere else to join the army. He went out of the house before the rest of us got up this morning, and from the things he took with him I know he's gone to enlist!"

Jim got her out of the crowd and started to go farther with her, but she would not have him. He turned away from her and went through the tumult of the street toward his father's factory. The noise and cheering were as loud as before, louder if anything, and a band was parading somewhere blaring the "Star Spangled Banner." But now to Jim there was a hollowness in that noise—a hollowness of a nation at war and unready.

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(To Be Continued.)

WANTED GIRLS

On Power Presses, Tapping Machines and Light Clean Assembling

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8 HOUR SHOP.

THE BRYANT ELECTRIC CO.

that anyway. I've detailed some of our regular boys to watch for spies among the recruits—and among ourselves. I want you to watch too. You are to get evidence so you can give the firing squad a chance if there's time. If there isn't time or it's inconvenient to bring charges, shoot the man you catch, no matter who he is, and shoot quick and straight if you don't want him to get you first."

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UPRIGHT PIANO \$125—Large size oak case with ornamental panels. \$1.00 weekly. Steiner's Piano Store, 915 Main St., near State. 129 b

UPRIGHT PIANO \$150—Mahogany case. Schleichner. Good condition. \$1.25 weekly. Steiner's Piano Store, 915 Main St., near State. 129 b

STERLING PIANO \$150—Large size, attractive walnut case. Fine condition. \$1.25 weekly. Steiner's Piano Store, 915 Main St., near State. 129 b

HARDMAN PIANO \$195—Modern style. Perfect condition. Real bargain. \$1.50 weekly. Steiner's Piano Store, 915 Main St., near State. 129 b

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